

In a very real sense, the man from hard-scrabble Lowell was "Everyman"—living the hard daily struggle of the Irish in his early years, battling the prejudice of "No Irish Need Apply," and never forgetting those glorious roots.

And later, as president of Metropolitan Coal and Oil, Billy understood better than anyone the struggle of so many customers to keep a roof over their heads, put three meals a day on the table, and keep their families warm.

My mother served on the board of NFL Charities with Billy. Once, they worked hard together to obtain the support of other board members for one of Billy's many charities. They succeeded beautifully, and a check was duly prepared for a dramatic presentation at an NFL halftime show.

Until a little problem materialized—it turned out that Billy's project hadn't taken the steps to qualify for a tax deduction. Billy knew there was no problem with the charity—the problem had to be with the IRS.

On another occasion, my mother was at LaGuardia Airport, about to drive to Greenwich, Connecticut, with a lawyer bent on pressing her on a complex legal problem. By chance, Billy arrived on the scene, say my mother in distress, and insisted on joining her for the long ride to Greenwich. Every time the lawyer tried to bring up the legal problem, Billy the raconteur broke in, launching into yet another wild and funny Sullivan story that left my mother laughing and the lawyer fuming.

In so many ways, Billy was a member of our family, too. He'd regale us with stories about his father's friendship with the Fitzgeralds, with Honey Fitz.

Over the years, during some of the most trying moments of my life, I would get a long, hand-written letter from Billy, offering comfort and wisdom, lighting the way ahead. That was vintage Billy—always guiding, always reaching out, always helping, always caring.

Above all, there was this magnificent family which sustained him and which is his greatest monument of all—Mary, the great joy of his life; Tess and Eleanor, the sisters whose independence and strength he so admired; Chuck and Patrick, who did so much to build the team of his dreams; Jeannie and Kathleen and Nancy, in whom he took such enormous pride; Billy, who made so much difference in his father's final years.

Near the end of "Pilgrim's Progress," there is a passage that tells of the death of Valiant, in words that apply to Billy Sullivan, too:

Then, he said, I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not regret me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought his battle who now will be my rewarder.

When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" and as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

We loved you, Billy—we loved your marvellous loyalty, your beautiful love of family, your laugh that could fill our hearts with laughter, too, your giant Irish heart. We miss you, Billy, and we always will.

## HONORING MIKE NYE

**HON. NICK SMITH**

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, April 23, 1998*

Mr. SMITH of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, I rise to join the citizens of Hillsdale and Branch Counties to pay special tribute to our representative in the Michigan legislature.

So many people talk about the kind of leader they want to represent them in government and Mike Nye fits that definition by every measure.

This week, my friends in Hillsdale County will honor Mike Nye for his sixteen years of dedicated leadership in Lansing. They know, as I do, the few people have accomplished more in that time for the people of Michigan.

Mike Nye's retirement from the state legislature is a great loss. As a member of the House, he fought for commonsense legal reform and worked to provide better health care to poor children and was the innovator of reforms that have resulted in a better education system for Michigan. Mike Nye's improvements in court reform, school reform, tort reform, and juvenile justice reform will be a continuing legacy of his knowledge, ability and leadership in the Michigan legislature.

In an era of overheated rhetoric and blatant partisanship, Mike Nye stands out as a conciliator a legislator who brought people together. Mike Nye was often the man people turned to when they needed a leader to finalize and pass legislation.

Mr. Speaker, my colleagues and I here in Washington can learn a lot from the service of Mike Nye. His contributors to public policy are complimented by his and his wife, Marcie's dedication to their community. Marcie's leadership in working in the prison system with her Kids Need Moms program is a great example of their commitment to help people.

I know Mike's future contributions will be just as worthwhile to all of us, regardless of what path he may take. God bless you, Mike and Marcie and good luck.

## IN HONOR OF MR. WILFRED "RED" REED

**HON. MARION BERRY**

OF ARKANSAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, April 23, 1998*

Mr. BERRY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a wonderful man, Mr. Wilfred "Red" Reed.

Red was the perfect example of a good neighbor and friend. He was the kind of man that was always there when there was a need and was never concerned with drawing attention to his good deeds or claiming credit.

If children needed transportation to a school event or money for necessities, he was the first to make a donation. He had a habit of leaving ripe tomatoes on your door step with no note attached—he simply had more than he needed and wanted to share with others. It made no difference to him who needed assistance—the church, school, community, friends, or neighbors—he was there.

He never had anything but good to say about anyone or anything. If he ever had a negative thought, he kept it to himself.

He brought civility to any conversation or discussion that he was involved in and set a standard for good citizenship that will endure through generations.

Beloved and admired, Red will be missed by the community he lived in and served over these many years.

Of Red, the ultimate compliment can be given: he will be missed because he was a good man, and the world is a better place because he was here.

## IN HONOR OF THE NATIONAL TEACHER OF THE YEAR

**HON. THOMAS M. DAVIS**

OF VIRGINIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, April 23, 1998*

Mr. DAVIS of Virginia. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to Philip Bigler, the 1998 National Teacher of the Year. Philip is a history teacher at Thomas Jefferson High School for Science and Technology in Alexandria, Virginia.

The National Teacher of the Year Program is the oldest and most prestigious award to attract public attention to excellence in teaching. Philip is truly deserving of this great honor. For almost twenty years, he has captivated students by recreating history in the classroom. His students have experienced a polis of ancient Greece, cases argued before the Supreme Court, and pilgrims on the hajj to Mecca without ever traveling from the classroom. Outside the classroom, Philip's students have discovered history firsthand by interviewing residents of the Soldiers' and Airmen's homes about their experiences in the World Wars. Philip's most significant achievement as a teacher is his ability to instill a lasting love of history. His students learn to appreciate that civilization rests upon the foundations of the past and that they inherit a rich, intellectual legacy.

Philip's inspiration to teach was instilled by teachers from his own school years. His 8th grade teacher Mary Josephine taught him his love of learning, and in high school, a battle-hardened marine, Colonel Ralph Sullivan, showed him the rigor of academics and taught him a thirst for knowledge and reading. His love of history led him to take a break from teaching to serve as the historian at Arlington National Cemetery but his appreciation for the importance of teaching brought him back. He has spent his entire teaching career in the Greater Washington Metropolitan area. Philip and his wife Linda, who is also a teacher, share the great love of educating young minds.

Philip is also an accomplished author and has previously been honored with the Washington Post Agnes Meyer Outstanding Teacher Award, the Hodgson Award for Outstanding Teacher of Social Studies, and has twice been honored with the Norma Dektor Award for Most Influential Teacher from the Students of McLean High School and the United States Capitol Historical Society.

I know my colleagues join me in honoring Philip Bigler. Philip ignites a spark of enlightenment in each of his students, motivates their interest, and cultivates their minds. I have the highest appreciation for his dedication to teaching and inspiring our children.